

## It Must be Killing Me

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## It Must be Killing Me

by [scout \(scout\\_eki\)](#)

### Summary

Dream has always had a romantic heart; he couldn't help it, the warmth that spread through him whenever he felt lovesick smiles cross his face was one of the best feelings he's ever felt in his life.

The only problem is: when he falls, he falls hard.

The amount of times he's fallen for somebody only to have his heart ripped out would've been too many to count if the effects of it didn't cover his entire face.

Nevertheless, he falls again, and again, and again.

Or: The 4 times Dream falls in love with someone and experiences heartbreak and the 1 time his feelings were requited

### Notes

god I wrote a LOT more than I thought I was going to

anyways, based on the tags, you will see that this does contain dream being shipped with Sapnap, George, Wilbur, fundy, and techno, but based on the series this is in, I'm sure you can guess what the end game is

this is based on the Star-Tear disease, which is a fictional disease where a person will become colorblind and, in rare events, lose their sight completely when they experience unrequited love

this was kinda fun to write (I had too much fun writing the dreambur and dnb part) and is based entirely on some request on somebody else's request fic thingy that I found

anyways WARNING // so I took some free liberty with the star tears, and so basically they create deep scars in dream's cheeks, sort of like how people draw ranboo with tear track scars, so there will be mentions of those scars, along with family abandonment (kinda) and, of course, a bunch of unrequited love (and sadness on dream's part)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream has always had a romantic heart; he couldn't help it, the warmth that spread through him whenever he felt lovesick smiles cross his face was one of the best feelings he's ever felt in his life.

The only problem is: when he falls, he falls *hard*.

The amount of times he's fallen for someone only to have his heart ripped out would've been too many to count if the effects of it didn't cover his entire face.

Nevertheless, he falls again, and again, *and again*.

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The first time Dream fell in love, it was with ebony hair and fire.

He had met Sapnap when the two were merely ten years old, too preoccupied with learning how to sword fight like *The Angel of Death* —a legendary warrior in their small town—to worry about mushy feelings like *love*. They had been best friends, as thick as thieves, practically *brothers* until one day, it all changed.

The two had been fourteen when Dream started to wonder what Sapnap's lips would feel like on his lips, how his slightly larger hands would feel around the blond's own, and how happy it would make Dream to be *loved* by the other boy. At first, Dream had attempted to avoid those feelings, throwing himself into his training for the upcoming fighting tournament, before he saw *Philza* —the Angel of Death himself .

Dream had been walking through the village, the moon high above him as he half-heartedly swipes his sword through the air in front of him, before stopping in his tracks when he glanced up. Philza, his features softened from the pale light, stood in front of—who Dream assumed was—his wife, a large bouquet of flowers held in between the two. Philza's smile was charming, and his wife was gasping, which quickly turned into a large smile, grabbing the plants before bringing them up to

her nose.

Dream was mesmerized. He couldn't help but imagine himself in Philza's place, Sapnap stood in front of him, one of his warm and gentle smiles covering his face. He couldn't help but feel a tiny smile twist his lips at the image in his mind, his hands coming up in front of his chest as if he was actually holding the stems in his hands.

His thoughts were interrupted when he was pushed, his feet catching himself before he could faceplant. He looked behind himself to find Sapnap, a childish grin covering his face, before he started sprinting away, Dream following close behind, a matching grin on his own lips.

The next day, the dirty blond boy found himself walking through the forest, a collection of flowers he had gathered throughout the greenery clenched in his hand. He was looking for any sign of Sapnap, glancing around tree stumps and peering down caves. Suddenly, he heard the boy's telltale laugh, slicing through the sounds of grasshoppers and distant frogs. Dream felt a grin cross his face before he started rushing towards the sound, careful of the flowers still held in his grasp.

When he reached the source of the sound, his smile dropped.

There, in a small clearing surrounded by bushes and tree stumps, was Sapnap... sitting far too close to another boy. The boy had brown, fluffy hair and his eyes shined in the light filtering through the blanket of leaves. The two's hands were intertwined, their knees bumping together as they sat on two logs a mere foot away from each other. Their noses were brushing together, and Dream couldn't force himself to look away as their lips touched in a small peck.

His hands dropped the bouquet they were holding, and his legs—as if they could save him from the scene—moved the boy deeper into the woods, his back turned to the two still in the clearing. He barely made it to a stump before his vision blurred completely, his hands scraping on the rough wood as his body slumped down.

The tears that were pooling in his eyes suddenly dropped down his face, and all he could feel was *agony*. Instead of small droplets of water, small, colorful stars cascaded down his cheeks. They pooled in Dream's cupped hands as he raised them toward his face, and he could feel each individual star leaving his tear ducts. It hurt, *god, it hurt*, but he couldn't find it in himself to try and stop them from coming.

He distanced himself from Sapnap at that point; the other boy hardly noticed.

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The next time Dream fell in love, it was with warm laughter and colorblind goggles.

Dream had met George at one of the monthly tournaments when he was fifteen, accidentally bumping into him while he was walking around the main arena, too mesmerized by the pink haired warrior in the ring to notice where he was stepping.

“Hey, watch where you’re going!” Dream was knocked out of his stupor by the voice, and he shifted his gaze to the person who spoke, noticeably moving his eyes down from eye-level. In front of him stood a brunette glaring at him—at least, he thinks he’s glaring, the goggles covering his eyes are a little hard to see through. Dream was too caught off guard to come up with a good response, so instead, he just stood there staring at the boy—*like an idiot*. “Uh, hello?”

The dirty blond finally shook out of his staring, blinking rapidly to try and clear his mind of all the embarrassing thoughts that wanted to escape. He could feel his cheeks heating up, and he prayed

the boy in front of him wouldn't notice. "Uh—" He cut himself off, clearing his throat as if it would dispel his nerves. "I'm Dream." He thrust a hand out, ignoring the confused expression on the brunette's face. Finally, he shook Dream's hand.

"My name's George."

After that, the two became inseparable. They would spend their days exploring through the forest, practicing battle techniques, and sometimes, they would lay in the forest, the moss soft against their backs, just talking. George would teach Dream about the mushroom biome he was born in, while Dream marveled about the Nether biomes he read about in a book from Sapnap.

Dream found that one of his favorite things to do with George is to make him flustered; it was too easy, really, how could he help himself? Flirty jokes and smirks became a common thing whenever the two were together, and everytime his fake-flirting would garner a laugh out of the smaller boy, Dream couldn't even attempt to stop the smug smile that covered his face.

Over time, Dream started to realize that maybe he liked flirting with George a little *too* much. Every blush that crossed George's face caused butterflies to erupt in Dream's stomach, every laugh that erupted out of the brunette's mouth triggered Dream's own wheeze, and every accidental brush of hands forced Dream to reconsider how bad it would be to intertwine their fingers.

But, over time, George seemed less and less comfortable with Dream's flirting. He seemed to try and cut off Dream before he could get a word in when the blond had a smirk on his face. When Dream did manage to exhale a flirty comment, instead of becoming flustered, George would force a laugh and then go back to whatever he was doing. The blushes that covered his face appeared less and less, and Dream couldn't pretend that it didn't hurt.

One day, roughly a year after the two met, Dream was walking George back to his small house after the two's combat tournament had ended. Technoblade—who Dream totally didn't admire, never in a million years—wasn't there this time, so Dream ended up winning the tournament, with George in a... close second. The lump of gold in Dream's bag was heavy against his back, but he couldn't find it in himself to care about anything other than the scowl on George's face.

Now, Dream knew George was in a bad mood, and he knew he probably shouldn't have pushed his luck, but some of the brunette's most authentic laughs came as a byproduct of Dream's flirting, and it seems like his mouth took that information to heart. "Hey, George, I know you didn't win the tournament, but you're first place in my heart." As soon as the words left his mouth, Dream was desperately trying to shove them back in; it seemed like George wanted that as well, for his scowl deepened and his eyebrows furrowed.

"Can you just *shut up* for once? I'm so sick of the flirting! I don't like you like that and never will!" Dream stumbled in his step, staring at George with wide eyes. "Every stupid flirty comment that comes out of your mouth makes me want to rip my ears off! So *please* just do me a favor and just stop! Actually, you know what? Just leave me alone! Since you can't seem to keep it in your pants."

Dream stopped walking altogether, watching as George kept going, not even glancing back at the dirty blond. His chest felt tight, and his jaw was dropped to the forest floor. Suddenly, the trees surrounding him felt suffocating, and he couldn't stop himself as he sprinted the opposite direction of George.

When his legs couldn't support him anymore, he dropped to his knees, so close to a small pond that he can feel his pants soaking up the cold water. He could feel an excruciating pressure behind his eyes before they started to sting, small, colorful stars making their way down his cheeks. Unlike

two years ago, these ones burned on their way down his skin. He could feel tear tracks burning through his freckled cheeks, and he couldn't contain a strangled scream from escaping his mouth, causing some crows on a nearby branch to fly away in a haze of black.

Dream raised one of his hands to his cheeks, his fingertips coming away covered in small stars and blood alike. Soon, regular tears from the pain in his cheeks were mixing with the stars, but he couldn't stop for the life of him. He leaned hesitantly over the small pond in front of him, the water just clear enough for him to be able to see his reflection.

To say he looked rough was an understatement. His hair was messy and knotted from fighting, the front of it painted red from when he wiped sweat off his brow with a bloody hand. His eyes were wide in both surprise from George's outburst and in pain from the tracks being burnt into his skin. Running from his eyes down to his jaw were streams of colorful stars, carving into the skin underneath without abandon. The spot where he wiped away the liquids with his fingertips was quickly covered in new stars and blood. His reflection was suddenly gone as a drop of crimson fell onto the water, rippling it beyond recognition.

Dream started wearing a mask after that; George didn't care, he was too busy becoming friends with Quackity.

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The third time Dream fell in love, it was with guitar strings and fluffy, brown hair.

He had met Wilbur in the town square, the only lights to illuminate the brunette being dull lanterns strung above store entryways, the moon covered entirely by clouds above. A small crowd had gathered in front of the taller boy, entranced by either the guitar on his leg, or by the enchanting view of his skin under the muggy lights; Dream himself isn't sure which one drew him to the other boy either.

Dream stayed as the night went on, as the crowd fizzled out, until it was only the two of them left. The musician was packing away his guitar when he noticed the straggler, turning to the masked boy with a small smile on his face. "Ah, hello. Enjoyed the show?"

Dream really should've had a plan before walking up to the other blind, but whatever, he's in too deep now. "Uh, yeah, I did! I was wondering if you did... lessons?" *Lessons? It's only been a year since he stopped flirting with George and suddenly he's lost the ability to be smooth?* Dream cringed. "Or- private lessons?" He cleared his throat, as if it would rid his past words of hesitation.

Luckily, the brunette didn't seem to mind his awkwardness. "Sure, but it'll cost you." *That was flirting, right? He's not used to people flirting back.* "A date with me, tomorrow, sunset." *Butterflies did not erupt in Dream's stomach, shut up.* "Wilbur." The musician stuck his hand out, and Dream might've been too eager to shake it.

"Dream."

Once the masked boy had left the view of the other that night, after standing in the town square for an hour after the performance ended, talking about whatever came to mind under the dark sky, he let a large smile cross his face. His boots seemed lighter under his feet, his body felt like jelly, and his entire mind was infested with *Wilbur, Wilbur, Wilbur.*

He couldn't sleep that night. Everytime he closed his eyes, all he could see was chocolate eyes and chestnut hair. His hands kept twitching on the soft sheets of his bed, as if they could recreate the notes on an instrument he's never touched before, for any semblance of recognition when Wilbur

inevitably brings the guitar out tomorrow. Just the reminder that he's going on a *date* tomorrow causes him to kick his legs where they're laying under the covers. *God, he's turning soft, the long-running second place holder in the town combat tournaments shouldn't be feeling this way about love.*

When he walked into the town square exactly when the sun was resting on the horizon, he half expected Wilbur not to show up; he had to physically remind himself that Wilbur didn't seem like that kind of guy multiple times. Turns out he was right, for Wilbur was resting on a bench, moving his fingers on the neck of his guitar while his eyes scanned the area around him. When he caught sight of Dream, who had stopped directly in the middle of the square, people rushing by him without a second thought, a large smile crossed his face before he jumped up from his seat, ducking around people with his eyes locked on Dream's mask.

"Hello." Dream could hardly mutter a small greeting before Wilbur was grabbing his hand, the other one holding the guitar in a tight grip. "Ready to go?" Dream nodded, and suddenly, Wilbur was dragging him towards the forest on the outskirts of the town, their hands tightly interlocked. The dirty blond couldn't help the small ecstatic giggle that bubbled up in his throat, and the smile Wilbur sent back to him from where he was dragging Dream caused his heart rate to speed up. They stopped when they reached a small clearing, Wilbur ushering Dream over to a fallen log, before brushing the moss off the bark and sitting down, patting the seat next to him.

The next two hours were spent with a guitar in Dream's hands, Wilbur's arms wrapped around his body with his slightly-larger hands covering Dream's own. There was a permanent blush covering the dirty blond's face, luckily covered by his mask, but he's sure Wilbur could tell based on the way he rubbed his thumb over Dream's own softly.

When Dream was finally able to play a small song—that Wilbur said was a sea shanty he learned from some men at the docks in his hometown—the taller boy guided them both to the middle of the clearing, laying down with his head up towards the moon. Dream followed him, the grass cold under his back due to the lack of sunlight, their shoulders brushing; *Dream cursed his long-sleeved hoodie for the first time in his life.* The two stayed silent, simply looking at the stars above, before Wilbur spoke.

"I have to leave tomorrow." Dream's breath caught in his throat, and he hardly managed to keep his head straight, not even glancing at Wilbur. He did, however, grab the other's hand, feeling a supporting squeeze in response. *Of course, the one time he seems to find somebody who actually likes him, he has to leave.*

"Where?" Dream was surprised his voice didn't crack, no matter how much he would've despised if it did. Some part of him was hoping Wilbur would crack a smile and laugh at how Dream fell for his joke, but the more rational part knew he wasn't kidding.

"Back home." Wilbur had told him yesterday that he was from a small fishing town south of here, but he must've missed the part where the brunette said he wasn't staying here. "I'm a traveling musician. I was supposed to stay here for one day, but then I found you." Wilbur looked over at him, and Dream looked back, wishing there wasn't a piece of porcelain separating them. Chocolate eyes scanned the mask, and Dream felt like he could see through it; *he found he didn't mind that idea as much as he thought.* "However—" Wilbur turned back to the stars, Dream following, "—I can only make so many exceptions for pretty boys."

It took all of the masked boy's willpower to ignore the compliment and focus on what Wilbur's actually saying. He feels the sudden urge to cry, but he tamps it down, focusing instead on how grounding the pressure of Wilbur's hand against his own is. "I'll miss you."

Dream turns to look at Wilbur, catching the small smile that is far too sad to belong on such a handsome face. “Me too.”

Dream does end up crying after Wilbur leaves. He can still feel the warmth of the kiss from the taller boy—who was more than happy to let Dream keep his mask on, which was raised to just a little under his nose—on his lips, and luckily his nose directs the stream of stars leaving his eyes from hitting the center of the warmth. He doesn’t know exactly why he’s crying—*they separated on good terms, Wilbur said that if they meet again in the future, he’ll make sure to never leave, why did he have to want more?*—but he can’t find it in himself to try and stop the stars.

These stars don’t hurt like last time, but the more his eyes produce, the more his right eye’s vision goes blurry. He can still feel the streams traveling through the caverns carved into his face, warming the scar tissue enough to toe the line of searing hot, but he pushes that to the back of his mind. His eyes go blurry other times too—when he cries normal tears, when he gets an injury that feels like a bit too much to handle, or when he’s reminded of his mother who still hasn’t come back from her three-year-long adventure with her pirate crew—but something about this time feels *wrong*.

It isn’t until he’s finally done crying, long after Wilbur left, that he begins to realize that something is *definitely* wrong. He had curled his hand into fists to rub at his eyes, and when he lowered his right one—his left eye still hurting once he pulled his hand away—he realizes he can’t see anything. He quickly lets his left hand leave his eye, ignoring the pain still present, and letting out a relieved sigh once he realizes the world hasn’t entirely disappeared. He raises his hand to his left eye, covering it before nearly falling back in shock as his vision goes black yet again.

Dream cried more that day; luckily, they weren’t stars. He never saw Wilbur again.

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The fourth time Dream fell in love, it was with fox ears and treasure.

It had been one year since he lost part of his vision, and Dream has just barely managed to get by. When he was first trying to figure out how to navigate life with only one working eye, he had had to take a small break from fighting to relearn how to fight while greatly favoring his right side. During his downtime, since he didn’t have a partner to spar with, he had found a new hobby: climbing trees. Even after he had learned a new fighting style—one where he had his sword in his left hand rather than his right, which held a large shield—he continued to find the largest trees he could, just to see how far he can push himself to climb.

That’s how he met Fundy.

He had been resting on a large oak limb when he heard the sounds of yelling and feet pounding against the forest floor getting closer to his location every second. He quickly sat up, his back scraping against the bark through his sweatshirt, searching the grounds below him. Suddenly, he heard the sounds of a rustling bush before a boy pushes his way through a rose bush from the north of Dream. The dirty blond cringed for the boy who just ran through a gathering of *thorns*, but he quickly refocused when he saw four boys—much larger than the first one—rush into the clearing.

The boy with red hair—the one being chased by the others—stopped suddenly when he reached the trunk of the tree Dream was on. From above, he could easily see the fox ears flattened to the boy’s head, probably in an attempt to hide them from the others. The four boys quickly blocked all exits from the fox-eared boy, and Dream frowned under his mask.

“No place to escape now, is there?” The question was asked with a mock pout on one of the boy’s

faces, and Dream's frown turned into a scowl.

"Look, I- I don't want any trouble. I didn't- I didn't *do* anything to you guys." The boy's voice was shaky, and he kept interrupting himself to pant, most likely from the amount of running he did before getting to this spot. The other boys didn't seem satisfied, however, and they only furthered closed the distance between themselves and the scared boy.

"Didn't do anything? Then what's with those ears on your head, huh?" Dream rolls his eyes under his mask, *they're chasing some guy because he's a hybrid? That's stupid.* Before any of the boys could speak again, or before the fox-eared boy could dig a *deeper* hole for himself, Dream decided he needed to step in. He quickly grabbed the sword he had rested on a branch near the one he was sitting on, placing it in its sheath on his back, before dropping off the branch, hitting the ground with a quiet *thud*.

All five of the people in the clearing jumped from where they're standing, staring at him with wide eyes. He smiles smugly under his mask, knowing the dirty and slightly cracked porcelain isn't the most welcoming sight in the world. "Now, this doesn't seem like a very fair fight, does it?" With that, he slowly—for dramatic effect—brought his diamond sword out of its sheath, letting the sun glint off the blade and into the eyes of one of the surrounding boys. Luckily, the boys managed to have *some* survival instinct, and they rushed off the way they came, not even sparing a glance back.

When he turns to the fox-eared boy, he is met with large brown eyes staring at him in wonder and awe. "Thank you so much." Even the boy's words are laced in awe. "My name's Fundy, what's yours... babe?" The pet name seemed to be tacked on as an afterthought, but Dream found himself smiling in amusement nonetheless.

"I'm Dream."

"Beautiful name for a beautiful person." Dream snickered, sheathing his sword, before checking his pockets to make sure he grabbed everything—*he'd rather not relive the one time he forgot a book in a tree he was in, the librarian's furious face still haunts his dreams.* Just as he was about to leave, a "wait!" stopped him in his tracks, leaves crunching under his feet as he shifted his body back towards Fundy. "To repay you, would you want to come to a small island next to my home with me tomorrow morning? It's called *Treasure Planet* and legend says there's real gold scattered along the shore!"

Dream considered it for a moment, scanning Fundy's face for any trickery. When he found none, he opened his mouth. "Would this be a date?"

"Yes." The answer came without hesitation, a little too eager to be casual; Fundy's face grew pink when he observed the same thing Dream had. The blond was about to refuse, flashes of stars and blood mixed together appearing in his mind, before he reconsidered. *How bad could it really go? Fundy seems actually interested in him, there's nothing that should go wrong, right?*

"Sure."

For the rest of the day, Dream busied himself with anything he could get his hands on, desperately trying not to overthink agreeing to go on a date. He could feel phantom throbs of pain on his cheeks where his scars were hidden under the mask, and they only served as a painful reminder that *anything and everything could go wrong*. Nevertheless, rereading his favorite book and discreetly watching Philza teach his youngest son how to hold a sword passed the time well enough.

When the morning came, Dream could hardly eat breakfast, his nerves controlling his brain and making him tie, remove, and retie his mask more times than he'd like to admit. By the time he had made it to the location that was screamed at him from a departing Fundy, his hands were shaking in both fear and excitement. *Nothing will go wrong, Fundy actually seems to like you, everything will be perfect.*

However, when he had walked up to an empty dock, Fundy nowhere in sight, his shaking increased, a puddle of fear pooling in his stomach. Dream stayed in one spot, moving his feet in a circle as his eye tracked his surroundings, looking for any sign of the fox hybrid. When he found nothing, he opted to gaze out at the horizon, the morning sun hot against his neck. He sat down on the weathered wood, his legs dangling down, the tips of his boots barely grazing the surface of the water below.

“Dream?”

The aforementioned straightened from where he was sitting, twisting his head around to see-

“George?” The brunette was staring at him, his goggles hanging from the neck of the shirt, a bag stuffed to the brim slung over his shoulder. “What are you doing here?”

The boy shifted his weight from one foot to the other, not willing to make eye contact with the blond. After a moment of the two sitting in silence, George walked forward, sitting down on the dock, so close to Dream that their shoulders brushed. “I’m leaving.” *The scene was so similar to Wilbur that it brought a wave of tears to his eyes.* “And I also wanted to confess something.”

Dream glanced over at George, who was already looking at him. A hand came up to Dream’s mask, and he involuntarily flinched, breathing a sigh of relief when the hand moved back to George’s lap. “What’s with the mask?” George had a teasing lift to his lip, but Dream steadily ignores it. He shrugs instead, which causes a frown to cross the brunette’s face. A shout of “George!” could be heard from somewhere—Dream didn’t bother to look, steadily keeping his gaze on the horizon—and the brunette cursed quietly. “Okay, I’ll have to make this quick.”

With that, a hand lifts Dream’s mask up before he can stop it, exposing the bottom of his face to the brunette. Then, lips were covering Dream’s own, and he suddenly felt like he couldn’t breath. They were nothing like Wilbur’s—*too thin, too cold, too George*—and Dream suddenly wishes he was anywhere but here, kissing the boy he used to love before getting painfully rejected without a second thought. George pulled away after a moment, not even bothering to push Dream’s mask up before he was leaving, not another word spoken.

Dream didn’t have long to dwell on the kiss that he just had before a small voice was calling him. “Dream?” This time, the masked boy had to look over his right shoulder rather than his left, twisting his body more to make up for his lack of vision. Behind him stood Fundy, a heartbroken expression covering his face, George nowhere to be found. Dream quickly shoved his mask down, standing up before wobbling slightly, catching himself on a shaky leg.

“Fundy! That was- I don’t- I-” He scrambled to form a coherent sentence, racking his brain for *any* shortened explanation of his history with George, before the fox hybrid interrupted him.

“Dream, if- if you didn’t want to go on the date, you could’ve told me.” Fundy’s voice sounded so small, so self-deprecating that it hurt Dream to hear. He again searched for an explanation in his brain, but his mouth couldn’t produce any sound, opening and closing under the porcelain covering it. Before he could find anything, Fundy shook his head, turning on his heel before going back to where he came from, leaving Dream standing on the dock, watching his body as it disappeared.

He should've expected what came next. He expected the pain, the regular tears mixed with stars, the carving into scar tissue; what he did *not* expect was for his left eye to start losing vision too. He had shut his eyes tightly to try and stop the tears from escaping, and when he opened them, the only sign of them being open were the feeling of his eyelids moving. He could feel panic rising in his chest, and his hands came up to his eyes, as if they could simply move the film of darkness that was covering them.

"No. No, no, no, *no, no.*" His breathing had picked up, and the pain mixed with the lack of oxygen mixed with the *pool of ebony blocking his vision* caused a scream to ripple through his vocal cords. He heard more than felt his knees hitting the hard oak dock under him, and his torso bent over, his forehead resting against the wood as he struggled to breath. The stars were now dropping onto the dock instead of rushing down his cheeks, and something in his subconscious thanked him for providing some sort of relief to the caverns covering the freckled skin. He doesn't know how long he stayed there, for when he opened his eyes, he couldn't tell if it was night or day.

Nothing was ever the same after that; he never saw Fundy again, *he never saw anyone again.*

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The fifth time Dream fell in love, it was with strong hands and the swipe of a sword.

Adjusting to being blind was... *hard*, to say the least. He had to rely on his internal clock—which isn't the most accurate thing—to know when to do basic tasks such as eating meals and sleeping. After Fundy had left, George long gone, he had to stumble in the general direction of his home and *hope* that he would make it there all right; he did, but it took him five times longer than it should have. Through it all, however, he thinks the thing he misses most is the familiar feeling of the grip of a sword in his hand.

Since he no longer is able to do some of his favorite things—such as reading, exploring, and of course, *fighting*—he's had to find other things to pass the time. He started to sit in the town square, simply listening to the people bustling around him. He would stand in nearby alleyways—or what he hoped were alleyways, the grimy atmosphere and the cold walls being the only sign that Dream was right—when the town librarian would read stories to the kids, expanding the simple ideas in his head until they were great stories he would never be able to write.

However, he's usually found in the middle of the forest, simply resting on the forest floor—since he doesn't trust himself in trees—staring straight ahead; sometimes his head would be active, his thoughts running wild, but sometimes, he would simply enjoy the calming atmosphere around him.

That's how Technoblade found him roughly five months after he completely lost his vision.

He assumed it was daytime based on the decrease in noise from crickets, but he had no clue what day of the week it was, when the town champion entered the small clearing he was in. He had originally tensed up at the sound of footsteps, listening intently as if he could identify who it was based on their walk, but after the boy spoke, he had calmed down slightly. "So *this* is where you've been for months now?"

Dream assumes he's referencing his absence from the monthly tournaments—*how is he supposed to compete if he can't see?*—and he feels a small twinge of guilt at the fact that the person who inspired him to fight seemed disappointed in him. Nevertheless, he keeps his head forward, not showing any sign that he heard the warrior.

"What, so you're quittin' now? Doesn't sound like the Dream I know." They hardly know each other. Sure, they're intimately familiar with the way the other fights, or with the way they handle

the sudden fame pushed onto them with the presence of *Mr. Beast* —a faraway king with an unhealthy interest in other people fighting—, but they don't know each other; *oh, but how Dream wished they did.*

“I can’t fight anymore.” It was the truth, but it didn’t hurt any less when he said it. He wished he was able to see Techno’s expression to the words, at least so he can make fun of it, but unfortunately, he has to get used to it.

“Well, why not?” He didn’t want to tell Techno, he didn’t want to show the other how *weak* he is, but it seems his mouth didn’t seem to get the memo.

“I’m *blind*.” He almost spit the word out, his expression twisted into a grimace under the mask. The other boy stayed silent for a while, and Dream wished that *somewhat* he could take every word he’s ever spoken back. The sound of cloth against cloth resonates through Dream’s ears, and he assumes Techno is shifting where he’s standing, based on the lack of footsteps leaving.

“Oh.” Techno’s voice was monotone, as it always is, not betraying any emotions he feels. Dream can feel himself growing uncomfortable, the feeling of not being able to see any of the looks Techno sends his way affecting him more than he thought, and he almost gets up and leaves if it weren’t for the fact that Techno spoke again. “Y’know, there’s this one blind Greek god named Tyflos—”

“You just made that up.”

“Shush. Anyway, Tyflos is a mighty warrior who was rumored to take down entire fleets of soldiers, relying heavily on his other senses to find his way through the battles.” Despite the story being obviously fake, it caused a smile to grow on Dream’s face, one of the first in who-knows-how-long. “How about a deal.” Dream raised an eyebrow, despite knowing Techno has no way of seeing it. “I help you relearn how to fight without being able to see, and I get my favorite rival back.”

Dream didn’t even have to think about his answer, which was practically trying to force its way out of his mouth, but he wasn’t going to let the other boy win that easily. He raised a hand to the bottom of his mask, pretending to stroke a nonexistent beard, before dropping the appendage back to his lap when he heard a snort from the other.

“Sounds like a deal to me.”

The first “training session” had not gone well. Dream was clumsy, and never knew where Techno was, swiping his sword through air more times than he can count. They had to take multiple breaks so Dream didn’t lose his mind, but throughout it all, Techno seemed to remain patient. *To be fair, he could’ve had an annoyed expression on his face the entire time and Dream would’ve been none the wiser.*

However, as time went on, and Dream got more and more comfortable using mainly his hearing to locate and strike Techno, he found himself getting better. Nowhere near where he was before—he doesn’t think he’ll ever get back to that point—but still farther than he thought he would ever get. He doesn’t know if he’s ever going to reenter himself into the tournaments again—*no other competitors would be as understanding as Techno* —but he finds he doesn’t mind if he gets to spend his entire time sparring the older boy. He found himself starting to enjoy life again.

It had been an average day when he felt like his world was falling down on top of him.

The breeze ruffling through his hair had been just enough to keep him cool under the beating sun,

but it did nothing to dispel the sweat gathering on Dream's brow as he defended himself against Techno's hits. They had been fighting for a while now, and Dream felt himself starting to get sloppy—missing blocks, not taking opportunities to strike, accidentally running into trees he should've known were there. As it turns out, he was exhausted enough to not hear the whistle of a blade coming his way, only realizing what was happening when a sickening *crunch* echoed through the clearing.

For the first time in forever, Dream felt the sun hitting his bare face. The dirty blond barely had enough time to figure out what had happened when his body was moving for him, rushing towards Technoblade with a pure *need* to get rid of anything seeing the scars marring his face. He felt himself hitting the slightly-larger body in front of him, his breath being knocked out of him as the two fell to the forest floor, Dream landing on top of Techno, the tip of the dagger he keeps in a holster on his thigh mere inches from Techno's neck—the only reason he knows where the blade is rested is due to the fact that weapons have become an extension of his hands at this point.

They were both breathing heavily, and Dream's hand was shaking on the handle of the dagger. Despite knowing that he should kill Techno, that the sight of his heavily-scarred face is too terrifying for anybody to see, he couldn't find it in himself to lower the blade. "Tell me one reason why I shouldn't kill you right now." Dream wasn't sure if he was asking Techno or himself.

"You're beautiful." Techno's words were breathless, and if Dream didn't know any better, he'd think it was because the other boy was *actually* affected by his face. The dirty blond doesn't know if the blush that rose to his cheeks could be seen around the scars, but the heat that appears is unmistakable. "Star tears, huh." A hand rose to Dream's face, and he ignored the strong urge to flinch, focused entirely on the soft thumb rubbing over the deep caverns.

"Techno." Dream's words are strangled in an emotion he can't identify, and he doesn't exactly know where he was going when he opened his mouth, but the boy laying under him didn't seem to mind. He allowed the hand that wasn't holding his face to lightly grab the dagger out of his hands, the weapon not making a noise as the warrior tossed it beside the two.

"Dream." Techno's words are light, and Dream thinks his voice is the closest thing he'll ever experience to the sun again. "You're hurt." The blond's sure if he was in a better state of mind he would've snorted at the words, knowing the evidence of the claim is written all over his face. "Let me love you without it hurting." He couldn't try to contain the nod, or the tears welling up in his eyes—water, not stars—even if he wanted to. Techno's other hand rises to the back of Dream's hair, gently pushing his head down until it was resting on the warrior's chest.

Dream felt something akin to hope festering in his chest, and he cried; for once, it was out of happiness.

## End Notes

I hope everybody enjoyed that :]

everybody's section was supposed to be the size of Sapnap's (except for technoboy's of course) but then I got carried away

my twitter is [scout\\_eki](#) <3

Works inspired by this [one](#) for fools, a fool to love by [Neraki](#)

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